A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merry Wiues of *VVindsor*.

Enter Iustice Shallow, *Syr* Hugh, *Maister* Page, *and* Slender.

Shal. NEre talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it. (mee.

Pag. Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by

Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders?* You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.

M. *Page* I will not be wronged: For you
Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:
In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne
Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake
To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. *Shallowes* let it be so.